

Hermes

BY THE STUDENTS OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY IN MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

Vol. 1 No. 1

October 2, 1975

Downey in the Dumps

by Art Papier

A recently published financial report from North College states that Downey House is losing approximately \$30,000 per year. The report urges the reduction of the loss by the 1976-77 fiscal year. This reported loss will come as a surprise to many, especially if the long lines at lunch hour or large weekend crowds are considered. To a handful of others, the Downey loss will seem as business as usual for this University.

No longer a faculty club, the upstairs remains mistaken for one. Many students are unaware of the availability of the upstairs weekdays for lunch. Besides waitered service, the upstairs at Downey offers an inexpensive meal and a relaxed atmosphere, (which is in direct contrast to the grill area at that very same hour). Also offered is a very inexpensive salad bar. The problem of poor student utilization is coupled with declining local patronage. These two factors have helped turn the upstairs into another Wesleyan fiscal headache. Donald Bruster, vice-president of business affairs for the university, cites the limited operation upstairs and "accounting problems" as the major causes of the deficit. The "accounting problems" as the major causes of the deficit. The "accounting problem" involves Downey's "upstairs" use by the Intensive Language Program and the Summer school. These meal plans usually would be handled at McConaughy dining hall. Instead, they have been served at Downey and thus included in the Downey budget.

Saga is trying to offset this loss from upstairs by economizing downstairs. The grill now closes weeknights at 7 P.M. This cutback in service was based on a use-flow study that was prepared last spring by Saga. The cutback directly saves the wages of a cook and also saves man hours that were involved in cleaning the grill after closing. However, the projected loss for Downey House still remains the same or close to that of last year.

Other sore-places in service and quality downstairs include a 55c price on a container of yogurt. Considering that the wholesale price is some 20 or 30 cents lower than this and that yogurt involves no preparation, students seem to have justification for their many complaints. The early closing of Downey House on weeknights angers many, who just finish studying around 11 P.M. Many students feel that Downey should remain open until midnight. This idea might not be economically unreasonable, according to Tim Smith, Saga representative. Smith says that business increases substantially from approximately nine o'clock until closing. Some students expressed an interest in seeing Downey open on Sunday evenings.

Downey Manager, Carol Kieeman explained Saga's reasons for bothering with Downey, "as a service for the University." Actually Saga doesn't take a loss on Downey. They make some money no matter what happens.

The University owns all the equipment in Downey and Saga contracts to manage and supply it on a cost-plus basis. This means that after operating Downey (at a \$30,000 loss) Saga charges the University the operating costs (food and labor expenses) and a plus for management. Bruster couldn't recall exactly what this plus is. Also in the contract is an incentive for Saga to reduce the loss. Exactly what this incentive is, Bruster couldn't (or didn't want to) recall, either.

Though Saga might not be taking advantage of this incentive to reduce the loss, it still benefits from operating Downey. Is Wesleyan benefitting from Saga management? Practically speaking, private companies are usually given the opportunity to manage university facilities so that the university doesn't have the headaches of management. Is it reasonable to subsidize a company that loses your money? Why not manage it yourself and lose the same amount, without their help and their plus for management?

Is it impossible to break even at Downey House? Smith said this is very possible if Downey's service is reorganized. It seems even more of a possibility if you consider that O'Rourke's is still open and probably making money.

The University will soon be making administrative decisions concerning Downey. Among options, is the closing of the upstairs and continued Saga management, a new manager hired by Wesleyan, or a new organization that will contract to run it without Wesleyan's financial help. These decisions will affect Downey's operation for the next fiscal year, which means that major changes will not be realized until next September. Bruster has agreed to a meeting that will concern long term and immediate changes, if students so desire.

Student input into Downey management has been virtually non-existent. The only communication in the past has been various complaints concerning food quality and prices. Bruster and Smith expressed interest in meeting with those concerned within the next month (whether this promise was genuine or your standard North College Double Talk-NCDT is not clear).

WHAT WE ARE . . .

We are very pleased to present Volume 1, Number 1 of Hermes. This first issue was the product of a small number of individuals, but we intend to accept contributions from all who wish to submit their writings and/or offer their assistance. Our office is located on the second floor of 190 High Street.

Hermes' scope includes -- but is by no means limited to -- life on the Wesleyan campus. National and world affairs of all sorts, including the most controversial, are of interest to us as well. Hermes is not, however, a partisan journal. All points of view are welcomed in our pages, in the spirit of critical thought and lively debate.

Entertainment is also an integral part of our purpose. We encourage creative and experimental writers to bring us their work. The more variety, the better!

As our readers will readily notice, the accent in Hermes is on thoughtful commentary rather than "straight" news reporting. Because we wish to become a tribune for the vibrant exchange of current ideas and cultural offerings, we have resolved to break from the tradition of slick professionalism which has characterized American journalism for so long.

With your help and active support, Hermes will be an idea whose time has come!



Governance: The Unfinished Business

Last spring, the Wesleyan faculty voted to abolish the university senate, thus depriving students of the only governance institution in which they had enjoyed parity. The following weeks saw a brief flurry of activity, including several mass student meetings, which culminated in the formation of the Wesleyan Student Union and the Student Priorities Project. At the same time, a determined group of students, refusing to passively accept the faculty's crude power play, set about to develop an entirely new system of university governance.

The Governance Committee report is now nearing completion and will soon be sent to selected faculty and administrators for comment. While the

governance issue itself may have been lost amidst all the discussion of the Red Book and the impending curricular reform, the question is by no means "dead." It will become one of the priority concerns of the new Student Union. What follows is the general statement of principles which accompanies the Committee's report. For further information, contact Bob Natri, Box 405 or Tom Noyes, Box 1188.

Andy Polsky

In the near future major decisions will be made concerning the future of the University. We feel that the actions taken last year by the faculty to dismantle the senate threaten the influence students will have on those decisions.

Central to our efforts at developing a new system of university governance is the belief that all members of the Wesleyan community will be profoundly affected by any changes in the structure or scale of the University. We believe in the principle that Wesleyan can and must be a community, and that students are a part of that community. However, a community cannot exist between non-equal members. Therefore, as a full partner in Wesleyan, we believe we must have an equal say in all decisions that will affect the community. We feel that this is the only way that the University can continue to be genuinely responsive to its student constituency.

There is virtually no area of the university affairs that does not affect the financial, educational, social or personal interests of students. This includes not only matters directly affecting student life such as housing, class size and faculty/student ratio; but also questions such as tuition

increase, admissions policy, evaluation of student services and other administrative functions, financial aid policies, and even faculty tenure and compensation. We recognize that in some of these areas students have traditionally had little or no say. Nevertheless, if we are to restore a spirit of community to this university in the difficult times to come, there must be a boldly collective and innovative approach to Wesleyan's decision-making

process. (The faculty asserted by its decision to abolish the university senate that it should have the ultimate voice in making policy recommendations).

In the tentative structure outlined below students and faculty have an institutionalized equal voice in the decision making process. In contrast to the claim that faculty members have some special competency in matters of educational policy, we believe that this competency will manifest itself in a system which allows equal representation for both constituencies. To institutionalize this inequality in professional training in any governance system is to substitute elite management for community democracy.

Finally, it has also been suggested that the changes which were made in the governance system do not prevent students from exercising an effective voice in university affairs. This view avoids certain critical philosophical questions. In more practical terms, it ignores the fact that the new system creates too many layers between students and those with the final decision-making power. We believe our system speaks to both philosophical and practical factors which the recently adopted system neglects.

Consumer Bill Faces Congress

by Maury Israel

The House of Representatives will vote sometime late this month or early November on a bill to establish an independent consumer protection agency. A broad coalition of consumer, labor, and church groups are actively supporting the bill. The main local organization involved is the Connecticut Citizen Action Group.

H.R. 7575 would provide for a consumer advocate at the federal level responsible for representing the views and interests of consumers before federal agencies and the courts. These bodies make many decisions that affect prices and safety standards. The consumer advocate would help offset the well-financed voices of powerful corporate lobbyists. "The corporations have the time, money, and technical information to defend their interests," said CCAG director Mark Caplan. "This bill can give consumers a fighting edge, can save consumers millions of dollars and thousands of injuries."

H.R. 7575 has been battled around Congress since about 1970. It has passed one of the two houses each year but has never yet cleared both Houses in the same session. Over 300 congresspersons voted for it last year. This year, the bill passed the Senate by 71-22 and is now pending before

The congressional debate over the bill is particularly relevant here because Representative Christopher Dodd of this district is wavering and seems inclined to vote against the bill.

Last year's lobbying and letter writing efforts by Wesleyan students were successful in helping secure Dodd's vote against further aid to the Thieu and Lon Nol regimes. Another such victory is possible if enough people write Rep. Dodd (U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., 20515) urging him to support H.R. 7575.

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Staff:

Jim Cohen
Peter Cohen
Geoff Ginsburg
Michael Kennedy
Doug Morris

Maury Israel, editor

Art Papier
Andy Polsky
Judy Rosenberg
David Stone
Mary White

Join Union

In a brief burst of activism last spring, students organized and overwhelmingly endorsed a new Wesleyan Students' Union. Though its formation this year has been obscured by other financial and educational issues, the Union's Interim Committee has continued to push for mass student support. This week students are being asked to join the Union during the first membership drive.

We have heard it said that the political climate has changed since last spring and that, consequently, there is no immediate need for a student union. This overlooks the obvious fact that it is precisely during these "quiet" periods that organizing is most important. Major decisions affecting students will soon be made and we must be ready to influence those decisions using our greatest strength—the capacity for mass organization. The Union can be made an affective instrument, but only if it has the support of all students.

Join the Wesleyan Students' Union. It's the first step.

Farmworkers cast ballots

By John Houston

For over 250,000 farm laborers in California, it is election time. Elections never really meant much to California's farm workers. Certainly their lives were never changed much through the normal electoral process. This fall, however, elections are taking place among California's farm workers that will have enormous influence on the direction of their lives. For the first time ever, farm workers in California have been given the right to vote for union representation. And for the farm workers of California, at last, it is election time.

Since the California farm labor struggle intensified over ten years ago with the Great Delano Grape Strike, it has been an emotional and explosive issue which has seen a bewildering number of twists and turns. It now seems clear that recent events in that struggle between California's migrant farm labor population (represented by the United Farm Workers union) and the farm owners allied with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters will have enormous implications for the future of the whole farm labor movement.

The issue here, as in most labor struggles, is one of the rights of workers versus those of property owners. Due to the peculiar politics of the National Labor Relations Act, the rights to collective bargaining that industrial workers have had since 1936 were never extended to agricultural workers. The movement which began in Delano ten years ago last July, led by Cesar Chavez, was a response to that injustice, a response to the arbitrary power that California farm owners exercised over the lives of the workers who pick much of the food which the American people eat.

The initial response of California's farm owners to the farm worker movement was increased domination and repression. In varying degrees, this has continued to be their policy throughout the struggle. Their tactics included the invitation of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters into California agriculture to represent the workers, or, more accurately, to control them in the interests of the farm owners. The owners hoped that, in this way, they could effectively destroy the United Farm Workers (UFW) union as the representative of the workers' interest.

The UFW did not die easily, however, despite the usurpation of many of their contracts by the Teamsters in collaboration with the farm owners. Their movement led to the ongoing nation-wide boycott of grapes, non-union lettuce, and Gallo wines. And today, largely due to the persistence of those connected with the movement, California has a new farm labor bill which made way for the current elections in which the workers will determine their union representation.

The new law, called the Alatorre-Zenovich-Dunlap-Berman Agricultural Labor Relations Act of 1975, became law on August 28, 1975. It established a five person Agricultural Labor Relations Board charged with the implementation of the act. Its most important provisions include the following: (The source here is a publication of the National Farmworker Ministry.)

—Growers and unions cannot sign a contract unless a union is certified through secret ballot election as the representative of the workers.

—Workers can petition to hold an election to de-certify a union that has a contract with their employer.

—Economic strikers can vote in elections under ground rules established by the Act and the Board.

—There is no restriction on harvest-time strikes.

—The act outlaws certain unfair practices such as the refusal to bargain in good faith, coercion or intimidation of workers, discrimination, setting up company union, etc.

—It restricts unions from setting up picket lines to stop employees from working at a store carrying boycotted produce.

As soon as the law became effective late in August, workers across California began to petition for elections at their fields. And as the UFW and Teamsters entered the battle of ballots this fall, it became obvious that words would not be the only weapons to be used.

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Some Potential Truths About Homosexuality

NOTE:

This is the first in a series of articles on homosexuality by David Leisner.

by David Leisner

I am, at this stage of my life, homosexual.

The same is true for many of you who are reading this. Some of you know that, and some may not, understandably. The subject of homosexuality is a difficult one for people to deal with. It is difficult on a political level, i.e., legal and social acceptance, and even more difficult on a personal level, i.e., self-acceptance, coming to terms with the whole truth about one's own individual brand of sexual identity.

It is not easy for me to decide to have these thoughts published. Even as I write, my insides sometimes quiver. Why is this so? Because, like most people, I have many worries about what others are thinking about me; and as the image, "homosexual," too often brings with it unreasonable stereotypes and half-baked value judgments, I fear that these half-truths will inevitably be applied to me.

It is the value judgment that is particularly destructive. Whose right is it to pass judgment on another's sexual personality? Is it the right of the psychology professionals? Many in the field of psychology will explain to us that a male homosexual often emerges from a parental environment which consists of a domineering, over-possessive mother and a weak, submissive father. It is my guess that if one were able to look with sensitive perception at a cross-section of American families' home environment, one would see a very large percentage with precisely this situation (in various degrees), and one might then assume that there

A central issue, then, is honesty toward one's self. Asking questions like—am I attracted to people of my own sex? Is this a physical attraction? Is it sexual? Is it emotional? how much?—and answering them with pure honesty requires a great deal of courage and strength. This is only because of the stigmatic taboos which a large part of society places upon any form of sexuality other than hetero-. Without this societal pressure, questioning oneself openly about one's sexual identity would require no courage at all — just the curiosity and desire to understand oneself better.

But society's pressures are there, and one has to make a decision: Because my self-knowledge will eventually leak out, in some fashion, to the public, how honest can I permit me to be with myself? For me, the decision is not difficult because I know that self-honesty is very high indeed on my list of priorities. Others may feel differently and will come to a completely different decision. But for me (I emphasize that this is a function of my own personal make-up, although I do feel

that what I say now is true for many), I feel that being honest toward myself leads to fuller acceptance of myself, which leads to honesty toward and fuller acceptance of others. And this makes me feel clean inside.

Admitting to myself that I am, at least at present, homosexual has been and continues to be a long, difficult process of self-questioning and self-prodding toward action. Experimentation is a key word in this process. I am not afraid to experiment, and neither should anyone else be, as long as they can face the reality of the results, knowing that the results may proffer a new bit of self-knowledge and self-fulfillment.

I said before that homosexuality is something to be fulfilled, if it is part of one's personality. By this I meant that through the process of self-questioning, experimentation, and the resultant new self-knowledge, one begins to incorporate many different aspects of sexuality into one's sexual identity, as well as many different aspects of life into one's sexuality. Often a part,

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Almost Anything Can Happen to a Freshman And Usually Does

by Paul Nachbar

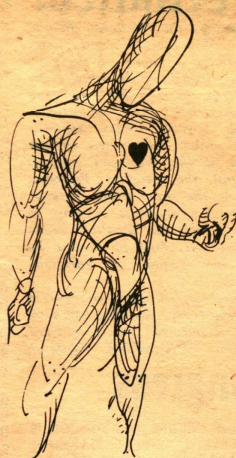
I am writing this because I'm bored as hell, and also in lieu of a letter I should be writing to my parents. Actually, that's only part of my motivation. I've just picked up another copy of the Argus and that has already depressed me; when I get depressed I start writing. The paper is filled with articles on topics such as the state-of Wesleyan athletics, restaurants in Middletown, and budget cuts — they all seem to be chronicling a sort of slow death. The 'cheery' filler, "Give a hoot; don't pollute" doesn't help much either. I was the most creative person in my high school (it was a very dull town) so I'll try to set my experiences thus far into some kind of artistic and universalizing pattern. If that doesn't work, maybe I can join that game of killer frisbee outside my door. Well, here goes.

I've been told by one upperclassman that my experiences thus far have been very unusual and by another that they are archetypal freshman happenings. I'm not really sure but they seem sprung from a classic mold. When I first arrived at Wesleyan, I was of course afflicted with the usual runs of paranoia...would I seem well read?...would I be going without a woman?...would my room-mate have a case of satyriasis?...would they like me? I had never sunk so low; I never wondered in high school if people would like me — ever. Then I began to discover that I was in fact well read compared with most of the people around me, even though the dullest of them had a higher level of comprehension and a wider grasp than 95 percent of my high school "chums". I also started getting to know this girl; we were together most of the time for several days. I'm too sober now not to act as a self-censor, but the whole thing was pretty weird... we used to go to the cemetery across from McConaughy late at night.

I tried to keep a journal the first week or so but it became hopeless after awhile: there was just too damned much to write. Anyway, this girl I had met turned out to be social...very social... too god damned social. I felt like the Duck from *My Last Duchess*. Luckily, I met this guy whose personality and quirks are pretty similar to mine. We could sit around for hours bringing up spleen. He eventually made me forget my jealousy and we both donned cloaks of apathy, or maybe it was just 'spiritual pain.' Anyway, we went to this party where the conversation was just so 1968 high school (they were actually SERIOUS about politics) that we couldn't help making fun of the people there and getting drunk. "We may seem strange but we're individuals" — I kept repeating that under my Gallo-sotted breath. After being forcibly aroused from this girl's bed, where I had desperately tried to get some sleep and led downstairs to my room, the God whom I hadn't believed in since I was twelve punished me five times and the whole dorm could hear it.

That whole week was spent in fighting boredom through various desperate acts. Four or five of us read through Camus's *Caligula*; one night three of us drove to New Haven, getting back at six in the morning; a friend and I went down to the lowest level of the Oiln library, where hundred year old issues of the Hartford Courant were heaped in huge moldy stacks; the same friend and I also tried to write a satire on Oedipus. We drank too much, smoked too much, and usually stayed up to at least four or so. We probably did freakier things than anyone on campus and pretty much burned ourselves out.

Last Saturday night, I became sick. I lay in utter agony trying not to seem too self-pitying while also attempting to get an adequate share of sympathy that's difficult. I've spent most of a week there — a week which I hope will be rapidly forgotten. Today I found out that I had mono (precocious, isn't he, after only two and a half weeks to catch mono!) but as I was really feeling pretty well, they released me. So here I am, with the taste of thermometer still in my mouth, poised on the abyss of delightful insanity.



is a large percentage of, at least, potential homosexuality amongst American men, which I believe to be very likely. Yet the professionals often tell us it is "abnormal," something to be cured.

I do not believe that homosexuality is something to be cured. If it exists in one's personal make-up, it is something to be fulfilled.

Avoidance damages. An unfortunate, too-frequent occurrence is that of the person who consciously notices some homosexual desire within them and refuses to recognize it, pushing it down into the vague subconscious, in a dishonest attempt to stifle. I know well what this experience is like, and the stifling is unrealistic and does not work for me. I do not think it works for anyone, in a healthy way.

It's not Whether You Win or Lose...

by Geoff Ginsburg

Thousands of people between the ages of sixteen and nineteen matriculate at private and state colleges and universities each year. Thousands of units of raw material are laid to rest in the holding rooms of large factories each year too. So? Graduating seniors leave their respective schools each year with a certificate of completion, a diploma. Finished pieces of merchandise leave the assembly lines of their respective factories, are inspected, and shipped out with a seal of approval. On campuses, professors are responsible for initiating a change in most, if not all, of the students who sit before them each day — whether it be a formal change in attitude and opinion, or the meager alteration of the chemical nature in one or two brain cells. In factories, workers are designated certain positions on the assembly line where they perform changes on raw materials ranging from the miraculous (complete chemical or physical transformations; to the most minute, such as the turning of a nut or a bolt. By the thousands then, people enter college, have their minds tinkered with, are inspected (sometimes rejected), and are regurgitated into the outside world. By the same token, thousands of units of merchandise are shipped to a factory annually, are manipulated, mutated and transfigured, examined, scrutinized, and finally shipped to their proper place in the market world. One may question the validity of the analogy that is being drawn here. Perhaps he will say that such may be the case at large universities, but certainly not as such a warm, cohesive school like Wesleyan. The point is, however, that the analogy holds true nearly at every university, including Wesleyan.

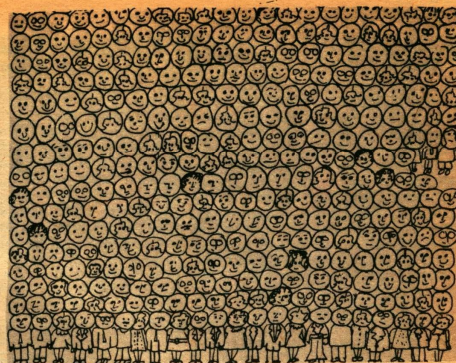
Wesleyan has been standing around for quite a long time. The steps that have been worn smooth in Olin Library, the ivy that miraculously reappears each spring to mask the facades of the buildings on college row, the warm, stimulating seminar rooms in Fisk Hall, all have been trampled upon, looked upon, and breathed upon by nearly two hundred classes of students prior to this date.

Most students feel a sentimental attachment of a sort to the cold, unyielding structures that surround them on their cursory travels around campus. Yet, at the same time, these students fail to see the exact purpose of those structures, and just how unyielding and cold they may be. Certainly the buildings do not hold any sentiment for the students; however, their substance, their essence, their being performs some mysterious transformation on those who enter them during their brief respite here — just as a piece of scrap iron finds itself a gleaming sheet of chrome after a short stay on the conveyor belt. The admissions office here undertakes the insurmountable task of seeking out the finest and most diverse ingredients this country's high schools can produce. A manufacturer is always interested in maintaining the integrity of his product and generally seeks the purest elements with which to produce a fine good. Every thing here is efficiently organized: The admissions office's selections arrive in great numbers each September and are carefully dumped into vats in which they live, work, and play with those who have been here for

one, two, or three years already. When the mixture is just right, and all the different vats have been simmering for the precise amount of time, then and only then may they be poured in to their respective molds. Making sure the right product is decanted properly from its mold is not as easy as it may seem. It does take four years and there are some mistakes. Research and experimentation is still in progress in the hope of finding the perfect mold (doesn't one often wonder about what kind of weird things are going on underneath the science tower?). After the student has been subject to the full extent of the treatment that the university has to offer and has shown that he has satisfactorily survived its rigors, he may leave with the blessings of the administration.

Are there any alternatives to this viewpoint? The answer is yes. In fact it is necessary that the students look upon the college experience in a much different perspective if he is to survive its many trying moments and circumstances. From the point of view of the student, college is a unique experience — it has meaning and purpose. The incoming freshman has many preconceived notions about the nature of the college experience. One probably expects that he will find at each meal a small but adequate dose of Instant Person or Instant Profession to accompany his milk on its eventful trip through the

body's metabolism. He also assumes that by the time he graduates he has consumed the correct dosage and can live a life of purpose and prosperity. This is not what exactly what the average student finds upon arriving. His first meal at McConaughy will tell him so immediately. What does the student find then? Much to his delight he discovers that life here is a game. He has no need to even think of it as being like a factory. The game is quite simple but must be played fairly with every man for himself. The object is to become as knowledgeable as possible while maintaining a dimension of something called "well roundedness." It requires some equipment and a game board — something which we choose to call the campus. It requires a certain knowledge of the various rules and regulations of the play (and for each individual the rules are slightly different); and furthermore, and perhaps most importantly, it requires luck. One good role of the proverbial dice and one could land on just the right space — where "opportunity knocks" so to speak. There is an equal if no greater element of skill involved in attaining the ultimate objective; in meeting the right people; in going the right places; in getting into the right courses; and in manipulating all the factors to the best possible end. This is the way to look at college — not as a parts manufacturer for the great American machine. And remember, in the here-and-now, its not whether you win or lose...



Stoney Bringing Down The Fences

by David Stone

In recent years population experts have been bombarding the American public with graphs and statistics that have the claustrophobic among us jumping off cliffs right and left. The dire prediction is that if people continue to make babies as fast as they're making them now, and if people continue to be so stubborn and reluctant about dying, then there will be seven billion people elbowing their way around our mossy little planet in the year 2000. In order to put this number in perspective, one must realize that seven billion is more than the total box office count for *Jaws*, *The Exorcist*, and the New York Mets put together. Essentially this means that in the year 2000, the entire world will be like McConaughy on a Saturday night.

People react to this message in one of two ways (one of three if you count the claustrophobics). They either believe, or they don't believe. The believers take lots of drugs and have sex whenever they feel like it. The non-believers go to school and have careers. Typically, the non-believers are left untouched by the forebodings of population curves. They're too busy working in America's private institutions. America's private institutions have big iron fences which keep the inner populations stable. Non-believers seldom look outside.

Well now it seems the fences are beginning to come down. At Wesleyan University for instance, the student body has recently been increased from 2,000 persons to 2,200 persons. This is surprising in that Wesleyan has always had one of the bigger and stronger fences. Alumni can take some comfort, however, in the fact that Administrative policy has not been violated, and all 200 of the new students are non-believers.

Actually, I should not be so condescending. For the most part, I too have been a non-believer — and one who has seldom missed a chance to mock distraught population experts. I thought I had the perfect contradiction to their graphs. If the world's population ever were to approach seven billion, people would stop being so reluctant to die. Most people aren't going to wait around for genocidal starvation. That's what I used to think, anyway.

But September, 1975 at Wesleyan University has been a rude awakening. Things are all of a sudden beginning to hit home. Whereas the fall of '74 saw some people struggling to find fourth and fifth courses, the fall of '75 has virtually everybody digging into the darkest corners of their catalogues in search of second and third courses; whereas last year was one of crowded frat parties and piss water beer, this year has been one of impenetrable frat parties and no beer. People are beginning to wonder. It's taken four weeks of not enough course cards, not

enough text books, not enough class rooms, not enough entertainment, not enough housing, washing machines, closet space, desk space, silverware, and/or underwear — but people are beginning to wonder.

I, for one, have been doing a lot of wondering. So much in fact, that I ultimately shunned my ethics and called upon a population expert. Ten minutes and one exponential calculation later, he let me in on Wesleyan's fate, saying: If the University continues to grow at its present rate (10 percent over last year), there will be approximately 25,000 students here in the year 2000. Try getting to your mailbox then.

Unfortunately, mailbox mobs will be the least of our problems. Freshman orientation, for example, will have to last a month and a half — one week for orientating and five for looking through the face book. The entertainment program, meanwhile, will have to be drastically reduced. The same movie will be shown every Saturday night so that everyone has a chance to see it. The annual fall blow-out at McConaughy will be launched in September by students whose last names begin with the letters Ab - Ash, and will run continually until the students whose last names begin with Yuo - Z, dance to the encores in late March.

But even these inconveniences are trivial when compared with such matters as housing, eating, and working (boo). How, for instance, is the University going to cram 25,000 people into a couple thousand habitable rooms? Where is the University going to get a couple of thousand habitable rooms? And if they do get a couple of thousand habitable rooms and they do cram all 25,000 people into the rooms, how are they going to get them back out? These are questions we have to think about. We have to examine our options.

It's always good to know your options.

Needless to say, I have been examining our options and I have good news: we have nothing to worry about. All we have to do is cut down on the wasted space. Elevators, refrigerators, closets, and gym lockers are all examples of space that could be better used for housing. And if that doesn't take care of it, some of the smaller instructional and research facilities could be turned into dorms. The Art Center, the Science Center, Olin Library, PAC, McConaughy, and the Field House are cases in point. In a pinch, pup tents could be set up on Andrus field and linen lockers could serve as singles.

But where will 25,000 people eat and where will 25,000 people learn? Not surprisingly, I've got that worked out too. Instead of wasting the Hockey Rink's

Continued on Page Seven



A Tale from the Old Country

by Mark Roads

Once upon a time, in the old country, there was a wealthy man with a stupid son. The man had exhausted himself with efforts to try and make the stupid son understand the simplest of things. Finally, he resolved to send his son to a faraway school where he would be instructed by the wisest men in the land.

After two years, the son returned. Everyone was impressed with his learning. He could read and write in three languages, solve difficult arithmetic problems, and recount many facts about distant countries. The wealthy man beamed proudly. "At last I have an educated son."

One day, word spread that the king would soon be passing through the city in a procession. When the great day arrived, people lined the street or sat on their roofs in order to view the rare spectacle. The wealthy man and his son found a choice spot on their roof.

Just as the king and his entourage were about to pass their house, the son suddenly exclaimed, "Father, I have to take a leak!"

"Then you'll just have to climb down and go out the back," replied his father.

"But if I did that, then I would miss seeing the king!"

"In that case," reasoned the father, "the only alternative is to take a leak from the roof as the king passes by."

"Oh, father, I could never do that!" cried the son.

The wealthy man smiled. This was surely the mark of an educated and cultivated son.

"If I did that," continued the son, "then the king might grab me by the piss and pull me off the roof!"

Then the wealthy man knew that, despite all the education, his son was still a stupid son.

Portugal Visitor Refutes Red Scare

The following piece was submitted by John H. Wolf, as assistant professor of Spanish at Wesleyan. John and his family recently spent a semester in Europe, including a stay of several weeks in Portugal. As an eyewitness to Portugal's continuing revolutionary crisis, he has provided Hermes readers with a picture of life in Portugal which is far different from and certainly less jaundiced than that which has been created by the American mass media.

by John Wolf

While the 25th of April has not provided an instant cure for the myriad ills that have plagued Portugal for almost half a century, and while the dust has not quite settled yet, it can be said that she has taken a large step in a positive direction.

The *New York Times* and other responsible newspapers have indulged in 'red-scare' tactics with the American public, taking us back to the days of Senator McCarthy. Our government, with even less sense of humor and understanding of the true situation, this very year maneuvered NATO war ships off the Portuguese coast, and rattled American sabres in its nearby Spanish naval base of Rota, in an effort to change the direction of the Vasco "el loco" Goncalves government. The press over and over again warned of imminent civil war, the breakdown of effective government, anarchy, mob violence, etc., and took pains to report every single incident of burning and sniper fire that they could discover. These incidents actually took place during a handful of days in less than half a dozen cities of the North. The press, in the meantime, has consistently neglected to talk

about the advances made since the 25th of April. Nor has it made an attempt to get at the nature of the Portuguese people themselves.

The provisional government pushed ahead rapidly to divest Portugal of its so-called "overseas provinces," the colonies of Guinea, Mozambique and Angola, and while this effort has not terminated yet, its failure to be settled peacefully is due more the armed intervention of foreign "liberation forces" than to the incompetency of the Portuguese transitional governments in these colonies, especially oil-rich Angola.

Nationalization of the major industries of Portugal occurred rapidly after the 25th of April, albeit not in time to prevent the escape of some large fortunes to Spain and Brazil, but making impossible the accumulation of private fortunes in the future. Wages have risen considerably, and their working conditions are now close to those of most of the more developed nations.

Not only have minimum wages been established, but so have maximum individual wages. These measures were adopted to prevent the abuses of the past, but let us not deceive ourselves, do not resolve in any major way the severe economic problems of the country. To aggravate the situation even more, the United States and other western developed nations, are reducing aid and are boycotting trade, while at the same time a half million refugees from the colonies have sought asylum in continental Portugal. The government is caught in an unenviable position of having to deal with the problems it inherited from the fascist past, serious

pressing and unpleasant, while at the same time trying to maintain its independence in the face of American and Russian political pressures, and attempting to establish its future make-up and direction which while sinking economically.

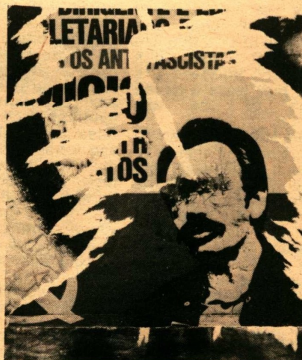
All of this has been going on with an absolute minimum of violence, censorship and repression. In Portugal few people have died violently since the 25th of April. The one soldier who died in the abortive March 1975 coup should have been out in formation rather than lying in his bunk — the counter-revolutionary forces knew this, and that is why they bombed the barracks at that time, to avoid killing. Widely reported in the press here was the case of the socialist-controlled newspaper, *República*, which since the days of the Salazar regime had been in the opposition and a thorn in the government's side, which was

closed by the provisional government under Goncalves. "The end of freedom of the press" the American press cried, giving little attention to the fact that the editor, Raul Rego, and company had simply moved into new offices to continue publishing as *A Luta* (The Fight), while the communists expressed themselves through the *Diário de Notícias* and the Popular Democrats through *Expresso*. Freedom of the press does exist in Portugal.

The Portuguese are a gentle and pacific people. One has only to visit the country, study the national character, or to examine its history. For example, the former Portuguese state in India, Goa, with an existence of more than four hundred years, was lost to India in 1961, when Nehru, in an effort to bolster his image at home, marched in with an army that far outnumbered the small contingent of Portuguese troops. The latter lay down their arms peacefully and surrendered rather than shed blood uselessly. The military commander was removed from his post and mocked by his government. Now he is a national hero in Portugal.

The Portuguese people, in the first democratic election in their lives, expressed themselves honestly and eloquently, so that the provisional government, the local municipalities and the workers organizations, all initially controlled by the Communist Party, are having to reorganize and reflect the popular vote.

If this picture of the Portuguese situation does not elicit our sympathy, understanding and encouragement, then we ought to look at ourselves more closely, for Portugal, rather than being a dangerous domino for Western Europe, is a rising socialist star for the Mediterranean.



Zoon Politikon Dept



by Jim Cohen

Last seen, Eldridge Cleaver was in Paris, announcing to the world that he has created a new fashion rage: pants for the male, with a special pouch in front to display the phallus. The ultimate in machismo! But whatever happened to *Soul on Ice*?

That question becomes doubly poignant in the light of Cleaver's recent political remarks in *Rolling Stone*. Greg Powell of the *Argus* is correct: Eldridge Cleaver's politics have veered sharply to the right in recent months. The renowned former editor of *Ramparts* has abandoned socialism because he has discovered, first-hand it seems, that the existing socialist regimes are lacking in democratic liberties.

Nor is he wrong about that. But decidedly, brother Eldridge has thrown the baby out with the bath water. Political repression exists in Russia, China, Eastern Europe, etc., and therefore, he reasons, the U.S. must continue to reinforce national defense and security. The State Department has already armed all its "free world" client states to the teeth, but a little overkill never hurt anyone, right, Eldridge?

Mr. Powell, then, is certainly justified in pointing to a surprising turnabout in the political outlook of a man who used to be a sworn enemy of imperialism. For those who know a bit of recent history, however, Cleaver's reversal may not be so astounding. Scores of self-styled communists from the 1930s have since become ardent cold warriors. Cleaver's rightward trajectory is not an unfamiliar one. Nor were his anti-capitalist convictions evidently very deep to start with.

It will not do, of course, to wave away the problem by saying that it has happened many times before, that there have been many deserters from the international struggle against capitalism. Casting the label of

"renegade" on the man doesn't solve the problem of why he chose to go the route of militant anti-communism. And it is precisely on this point that Mr. Powell of the *Argus* begins to skate on thin ice. He suggests that Cleaver, after all, is correct in assuming that revolutionary Marxism is synonymous with repression of the freedom of speech. Powell quotes Angela Davis, U.S. Communist Party spokeswoman, who, as is well known, backed the Soviet Union's invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Powell is a victim of the common misconception that the regimes which rule the

to the construction of a higher form of democracy, which had indeed been the vision of the Bolsheviks.

Trotsky's battle against arbitrary bureaucratic rule was, in a sense, lost before it had begun. But today, new forces are emerging to continue that battle. A victory for socialism in the advanced industrial world would, needless to say, be a great step forward in this struggle, because grass-roots democracy will be a certain feature of such a transformation.

Already, in semi-industrialized Portugal, new forms of mass democratic organization are emerging as a viable alternative to capitalist rule. Hundreds of factory councils, women's circles, tenants' assemblies and soldiers' committees have sprung up as a challenge to the bourgeois state. The free speech which reigns in these popular bodies is a unique example of democracy in the world today. This, however, is not yet socialism. These councils need to be multiplied and co-ordinated democratically in order to permit genuine planning to replace the chaos of capitalist production. Only the parties of the revolutionary left have placed this demand on the agenda. Their forces are growing every day, as it becomes more apparent that the newly formed "moderate" government has no intention of nationalizing the remains of the agonized private sector, nor of allowing free expression to continue within the armed forces. The workers of Portugal want freedom to rally as many soldiers as possible to their side, because they don't want another Chile!

What has been the role of the Portuguese Communist Party in the historic events of recent weeks? The PCP, whose leadership is notoriously close to Moscow, has been completely passed by and discredited in the eyes of the Portuguese masses. Their idea of a revolution was to put lots of their supporters in high places, to manipulate

the trade unions and the press — in short, to impose their authority from the top. Their ultra-left tactics failed miserably and succeeded only in confusing the thousands of people who depended on the PCP has decided to join ("unofficially") the new reformist government under Azevedo — a government which has resolved to halt the revolutionary process and create the conditions for another Chile.

Tactics like those of the PCP are the woeful legacy of the Stalin era, when the world communist movement, orchestrated from Moscow, was systematically sacrificed to the needs of the Soviet state as narrowly perceived by the bureaucracy. More clearly than ever in Portugal, the bankruptcy of this legacy has been shown.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of very intelligent people — Angela Davis among them — who continue to see the Soviet Union as a model of socialist development and culture — the "true home" of socialism, as it were. The achievements of the Soviet

Solzhenitsyn, but also — in short, to impose their authority from the top. Their ultra-left tactics failed miserably and succeeded only in confusing the thousands of people who depended on the PCP has decided to join ("unofficially") the new reformist government under Azevedo — a government which has resolved to halt the revolutionary process and create the conditions for another Chile.

It ought to be clear by now that the dichotomy which Mr. Powell speculates about is a false one. Those of us who oppose capitalism do not necessarily agree with Angela Davis that the Soviet Union is paradise. (Nor China for that matter, though the differences must be clearly understood.)

Yes, the governments of the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, and China ought to be replaced with democratic workers' governments. This is a far cry from what Cleaver presumably has in mind: a reinforcement of U.S. defense capacity against the current socialist regimes, and — why not? — a "roll-back" campaign if the chance arises.

The hour of worldwide confrontation, of course, has not yet arrived. Detente is still the order of the day, despite the increasing irritability of the right wing in this country. Ford's signing of the Helsinki accords corresponded to a clear mandate from the most powerful sectors of American bourgeoisie to keep peace with the Russians until further notice. For the time being, then, there is no World War Three on the horizon. We can look forward, however, to a number of smaller conflicts in the short and medium term. Portugal is only the beginning of a new revolutionary wave. Angola, that mineral-rich African colony of Portugal, is torn by civil war in which one of the sides wants to impose a neo-colonial solution in accordance with the wishes of the U.S. and of Mobutu of Zaire, the regional strongman. Spain is undergoing the agony of the last days of Francoist dictatorship. Italy and Greece can be expected to lurch into crisis in the not-too-distant future. Our responsibility in the coming period is to mobilize to defend these countries from American



regime have indeed been many, but this model of socialism hardly corresponds to the aspirations of working people; the same is true, with several qualifications, of the Maoist regime in China. The workers' revolts in East Germany ('53), Hungary ('56), Czechoslovakia ('68), Poland ('70), and Hangchow ('75) are tragic proof of that. To side, as does Angela Davis, with the Soviet regime is to side with a state which represses not only authors like

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Real Function of Prisons

by James E. Grant, Jr.

Depending on a person's class orientation or the nature of his/her socio-political outlook, the word 'prison' has different connotations. For those who are members of the ruling class, or who have absorbed ruling class values, even if they are not in the ruling class *per se*, prison is a place where people are sent to be punished for crimes against society, and to be rehabilitated, if possible. People who go there are sent after all else fails, after a totally fair trial following a verdict of a jury of their peers, sentenced by honest, fair, incorruptible and impartial judges. These are the myths that are fabricated by those who control the media, the courts, and the U.S. government, and ultimately the mind-think of the majority of the people through manipulation and trickery.

But in reality, few people within the ruling class actually believe this. Those who have come in contact with the courts and the prison systems certainly don't accept this thesis. Within a society based on capitalism, the ethics of individualism, and the proponents of a dog-eat-dog philosophy, prisons are an economic necessity, part and parcel of corruption, a degradation and a decadence.

Many would ask how this is so. All one has to do is look at who is in the prisons. Very few of those who are wealthy or who are well-to-do inhabit such places. Roughly 70% of the prison population is made up of minorities: Blacks, Indians, Puerto Ricans, and Chicanos--those who are relegated to the lowest echelon in American society because of racism. It has become nothing more than a warehouse for the 'undesirables', a slave camp where billions of dollars in wages are saved per year. Not only that, but the prisons are a steady source of employment for many who might otherwise have difficulty in holding a regular job.

No where else is the superexploitative aspect of prison more apparent than here in the South. The prison system in the South is a direct carryover of the slave system. In many states, for instance, the prison department existed as an adjunct of the highway department, furnishing workers to fix the roads, under the old chain gang system. In most cases, the chain gang system continues to function, under auspices different from the state highway depart-

ments. Large spacious agricultural enterprises are worked almost exclusively by prisoners. The cotton farms in Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Texas, the vegetable farms of North and South Carolina, Virginia, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Arkansas, which furnish products for all the state hospitals, colleges, and schools, are manned by prisoners who get negligible if any compensation. In Tennessee, up until 1968, prisoners were forced to mine coal under extremely dangerous conditions. In all cases, the states involved saved millions of dollars in livable wages that they would have to pay otherwise--and by using prisoners they are allowed to reap huge profits. This forced prisoner labor becomes the cornerstone of a superexploitative capitalist enterprise operated by the state governments. It is little wonder that state and federal courts, the protectors and the handmaidens of exploitation and monopoly capitalism, are reluctant to rule in favor of prisoners' rights, (specifically, the issues of prisoner labor unions), since to do so would break up the biggest monopoly going--the state government's exclusive use of forced labor for state-owned and operated enterprises.

Nor is the federal government exempt from this nefarious practice of

superexploitation. Federal Prison Industries, on whose board of directors sits none other than the class traitor and arch-criminal George Meany, reported millions of dollars in profit. The textile mill at the Atlantic Federal Penitentiary, where top pay is 56 cent/hour (a worker starts there at 21 cents per hour) grossed over 18 million dollars in profit alone in 1974. Other federal prisons have various industries as well, and the men and women who operate them create enormous profits for the federal government--with negligible compensation.

Private corporations, observing the limitless profiteering available through the use of prisoner labor, have gotten into the act. In the state of North Carolina, for instance, and no doubt in the other states as well, prisoners are leased out to farmers, and to owners of substandard factories to work for nothing, while dishonest prison officials pocket a fee for each prisoner used in this manner. Runaway corporations are talking about locating their plants inside prison walls where they have a never ending source of free labor. The work release program is another method by which the prisoner-laborer is superexploited. The prisoner is given the option of working at a job outside the walls, providing that they pay for room and board (can you



Imagine someone paying for being locked up in a filthy vermin ridden cell and forced to eat slop that a hog would turn up its nose at?). This, of course saves the state funds in that the prisoner pays for his keep, pays for the upkeep of his family (saving the state welfare payments), and even pays taxes to the very government that is imprisoning him or her.

Aside from the superexploitative function of the prison system, it serves another function--the warehousing of the unwanted

in this racist, capitalist society--the poor and the minorities. Nationwide, Blacks and other minorities nationwide make up 60% of

the population in the prisons, but only 10% of the employees. Down here in the South, the prison populations approaches 80% Blacks and minorities in keeping with the more openly racist nature of the society. Thousands of Black and minority youth are sent away to prison on framed up charges by racist, Ku-Klux Klan oriented judges and prosecutors, often with the help of dishonest, money hungry defense attorneys who would just as soon sell out a client as look at him. In this period when Black and other minority groups are becoming more aware of the true nature of this society and what must be done to change it for the betterment of the people, the prison system serves as a concentration camp to hold vast numbers of people who, if free, would no doubt cause the established order a good deal of grief.

In fact the repression of the minorities has increased to such an extent that the states cannot build prisons fast enough to hold all the victims. The state of Florida, not long ago, declared a moratorium on sending people to prison because there is no room. The state of Alabama prison

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Grant Denied New Trial

by Maury Israel

North Carolina Superior Court Judge Sam J. Ervin III has denied a request for a new trial for civil rights activist James Grant. Grant, a native of Hartford, was sentenced to 25 years in prison on 1972 arson charges.

Grant was convicted along with two other members of the Charlotte 3 - T.J. Reddy and Charles Parker. There is strong evidence that the three were framed because of their political activities. The case is of special interest to the Wesleyan community, since James Grant is the brother of Wesleyan alumnus Robert Grant and the brother-in-law of Wesleyan German instructor Vera Grant.

Grant, holder of a chemistry Ph.D., had worked with SCLC and VISTA, and spent several years doing organizing and civil rights work in black communities in the

South. Reddy is a poet and artist who organized a black students' union at the University of North Carolina and later directed an anti-poverty center in Charlotte. Parker was his assistant at the anti-poverty center.

In September, 1968, the Lazy B Riding Stable in Charlotte was burned down, with fifteen horses dying. About a year before that, the Lazy B had been publicly integrated by a group including Reddy and Parker. No connection between the two incidents was made at that time.

Late in 1970, Walter Washington and Theodore Hood, who were later to testify against the Charlotte 3, were arrested on stiff federal charges. Each had long criminal records. They jumped bail and were rearrested. In July, 1971, while in jail, Washington and Hood signed a statement

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Bill of Frights to go Before Senate

by Judy Rosenberg

Once, during a time which was not so very different from ours, there lived a man named Richard M. Nixon. He was the president of a big country called the United States of America, which advocates liberty and justice for all. Richard said that he wanted to punish people who break laws, so he asked some of his friends to help him perfect a criminal code bill. John Mitchell, Richard Kleindienst, and Robert Mardian understood how he felt about criminals, so they all agreed to work on the report which had been written by the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws. After Richard's friends had finished with the bill, they passed it on to the Senate subcommittees.

In its current form, the bill is called S. 1. It carries many of Richard's most cherished ideas, and has the support of many conservatives and liberals. The bill of Richard's dreams may become an American nightmare when it comes to the Senate floor within the next month or two.

S. 1, which rings of the McCarthy brand of justice, would reinstate the death penalty and restrict protest demonstrations while at the same time providing more escape hatches for governmental law-breakers. If a code which explicitly defines fair punishments for specific crimes is necessary, S. 1 hardly fits the bill. It is abound with ambiguities in important places. For example, 25 years could be added to the sentence of a "special dangerous offender" whose "history and characteristics" indicate that it is

warranted "to provide respect for law, and to provide just punishment." This would make the process of sentencing even more arbitrary than it already is. Those who may unjustly be considered to be troublemakers could spend an extra quarter of a century in prison.

Equally vague (and similarly obvious in intent) is the wording of a portion of S. 1 which is almost a restatement of the 1940 Smith sedition act. Anyone who "organizes, leads, recruits members for, or participates as an active member in an organization" which "at some future time would facilitate as speedily as circumstances would permit" the overthrow of an individual, political party or the government as a whole.

Protest action would be limited by S. 1. Any "assemblage of five persons" which creates a grave danger to "property" would be termed a riot if S. 1 were passed. Demonstrations would be restricted in the area of any "temporary residence" of the President. Anyone who incites draft resisters or actually interferes with wartime recruiting or induction (S. 1 does not specify that the war must be declared) could receive up to a seven-year sentence.

Admittedly, some provisions of the bill are clear--in fact, perhaps too clear. All felonies would have mandatory minimum \$100,000 fines; a variety of offenses would have set sentences with no chance for probation. If an insane person committed a murder under the

delusion that his or her life was endangered, the judge would not have to decide whether to send the person to prison or to a mental institution--S. 1 has made the decision already. The "criminal" would end up in prison. Such harsh sentencing typifies the tone of S. 1.

In the midst of revelations about intelligence-agency excesses, S. 1 provides for 48 hour wiretaps without a court order if the wrong type of political activity or demonstration is allegedly being planned. The government would thus have more access to private information from the public. Another S. 1 clause restricts the information which could be published about the government. Domestic surveillance and military procurement issues would be more secret; a citizen who publishes "national defense information or gathers news in a restricted area" could be prosecuted. In the wake of Watergate, the possible impact of these restraints can be appreciated.

The stars of a Watergate-type drama could benefit from the passage of S. 1. They would be permitted to break laws, as long as they had received "an official grant of express permission" to do so and had "acted in reasonable reliance on such statement." "Official misstatement of law by a public official" would also excuse a law-breaker.

It seems that S. 1 would provide for the pursuit of happiness of a few people while alienating the liberty and even the lives of many others.



PRISON Cont. from P. Five
system has had 5 major strikes and rebellions in the past 2 years because of the inhumane conditions and the overcrowding. The state of North Carolina has jammed 14,000 prisoners into a space sufficient for 10,000. There have been several minor flareups and the authorities are holding their breath, expecting a full scale rebellion. The state prison system in Virginia and West Virginia are in a constant state of rebellion, to say nothing of the state of Oklahoma, where, last year, prisoners burned the state prison at McAlester to the ground. In many cases prisoners are organizing to deal substantially with the sources of repression. Prisoner unions are being formed to demand collective bargaining rights. Organizations such as Inmates for Action, in the notorious Attmore-Holman Prison in Atmore, Alabama, are being formed-revolutionary organizations designed to increase the awareness amongst prisoners of the nature of the system. Law suits are beginning to fill up the courts as prisoners are challenging the laws that have systematically legitimized the brutality inflicted upon them. The concentration camps have begun to function as universities for revolutionaries.

Then too, prisons are laboratories for the ruling class to perfect their techniques in population control. Behavior modification and transactional analysis are the most frequently used programs now in effect to

Cleaver Cont. from P. Four
intervention, covert and otherwise, just as we defended Vietnam's heroic strugglers against the most brutal forms of aggression imaginable.

Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* may very well go down as a classic of American letters. But from now on, those who have learned the really important lessons of that book would do well to regard its author's pronouncements with healthy suspicion. As for those, Mr. Powell, who are inclined to gloat over Cleaver's retreat from revolution, and to interpret that retreat as a sign that socialism is on its way "out" in America — think again, folks. (We'll return to this problem soon.)

East and West Cont. from P. Eight
pass them on the uphills, surrendering to their irresistible momentum on the downslopes — like a game of cat and mouse. These men handled their rigs like skillful captains — often dangerous, always urgent, always calculating. One developed an ambivalent antagonism and immense respect towards them. These omnipresent trucks thundered across Canada and the U.S. — blood supplying oxygen to the vital centers.

In the early morning we reached Thunder Bay, a tough, industrial town of 100,000 with enormous grain storage facilities (boasting Canada's largest) lining its Lake Superior shore. We paused in Schreiber for breakfast at "The Voyageur." A standard franchise-type operation, its unabashed placemats nonetheless claimed "re-creation" of the wilderness atmosphere that greeted the first European explorers in these parts. Few claims could have less approximated the actual environment of this restaurant. Three circling flies were about the sum total of this alleged "re-creation." Adjoining the restaurant was a souvenir shop. The proprietress glanced at us nervously as if convinced we were about to steal something. This was surely a reverse, for the shop was filled with girly tabloids and cheap trinkets designed to con the unwitting motorist.

Traffic was heavy with road construction crews and an inexhaustible stream of families (brought out by the late August sun) and couples, in campers, trailers, station wagons, and

accomplish mind altering behavior—namely brainwashing. Through a combination of punishment and reward, behavioral modification techniques are used to program an individual towards automatically accepting without question the values of white middle class America. With Blacks and minorities this has a two fold design—creating quasi-white men totally satisfied with a janitor's job or something equally menial with no desire to better themselves or to challenge the society that put them in that compromising position. Such techniques are being developed with ulterior motives in mind—total

UFW Cont. from P. Two

An article in the September third issue of the New Haven Register reported that a heavily armed "citizens posse" had assembled at the entrance to a ranch in Stockton, California owned by Western Tomato Growers and "declared themselves the law over two hundred acres of tomatoes." The group of vigilantes, led by the manager of the ranch, was later arrested after some very tense confrontations that included the injuring of a sheriff's inspector by a shotgun blast.

What had motivated this "citizen's posse?" The "citizen's possee" said that "it had decided to make a stand for property rights by denying United Farm Workers union organizers access to the property owned by Western Tomato Growers... They said they came at the request of the company which was protesting a state agricultural labor relations board regulation allowing union organizers limited access to private fields." One member of the posse remarked, "we're just here to protect the property rights of this farmer."

More recent newspaper accounts report that the Board has recognized the truth in UFW claims of unfair election practices. A great many of the election results will be held up for months as the Board sorts through thousands of challenged ballots. Yet, despite the uncertainty and cloud of injustice which hangs over these elections, there are some general conclusions which can be drawn from the results as of mid-September.

GRANT Cont. from P. Five

saying that Grant, Reddy, and Parker had burned the Lazy B. No further charges were brought against Washington and Hood, and they were released without bond.

North Carolina tried the Charlotte 3 in the summer of 1972. The jury was composed of 11 whites and one black.

The prosecution's case rested almost entirely on the testimony of Washington and Hood. The prosecutors were unable to produce even physical evidence of arson. Washington and Hood repeatedly contradicted each other on the stand. Hood had earlier admitted under oath that he would lie if the price was right.

For nine months before the trial, Washington and Hood lived at government expense and were guarded around the clock by four federal agents. This totaled \$11,000 in expense and included three months in a beach front apartment in Atlantic Beach, North Carolina.

Both Washington and Hood faced charges that could have sent them to prison for most of their lives. In return for their testimony the government granted them widespread immunity from prosecution, dropped federal bail jumping

whatever else could go 70-85 MPH on the curving sea-fronted road that followed the rocky beauty of Superior's northern shore. We went through the forested farm country of central Ontario, interrupted at one point by the shrill whistle blast of a train sneaking alongside on a roadside railroad track.

Sudbury was not very clean. The ugly, furnace tentacles of the world's largest nickel smelting complex greeted us with a plume of thick, reddish smoke and spreading over the city. Sudbury's hillsides on our approach had been angularly and unevenly scarred into a brown and lifeless terraceland — all in the name of nickel and copper. It seemed to fit the image of the hard-working, turn of the 20th century industrial town that had lifted America to world power.

We pulled behind a modest cafe in the city. As we came in, the heavy-set and swarthy proprietor looked up as if startled by our presumption to enter after his long, hard day. His wife was leaning over and scrubbing the grill so that they could go home. Her eyes were hollowed and darkened, and her hair was a harsh, dark blonde color. Their wide-eyed son crawled about the tables, perhaps so restless because he too was tired. We ordered coffee to make things simple.

This was a family restaurant and yet it was cursed with the air of a place that is stale and wearying. A counter of store candies, bubblegum, and a few postcards clipped to a hook on a pillar provided atmosphere. The scene in the top postcard was that of a red-

control and robotization of the society.

Prisoners also perform the function as guinea pigs in experiments in the medical and psychological field. The state of California and Mississippi are well known to have operated experimentally on the brain of prisoners. The Federal prison at Lexington, Kentucky, run by HEW, has for years experimented on prisoners with all sorts of dangerous and untested drugs, some of which have had bizarre effects on the victims. In many state prisons prisoners are promised early parole, money, and other favors for subjecting themselves to the bites of disease carrying

insects as part of various eradication programs. Many of these experiments are so outlandish as to make a Nazi blush.

Now, what is the solution to the problem? Prisons cannot be reformed. They are mirror images of the society that they supposedly protect. A society that legitimizes brutality, racism and exploitation on the outside, is naturally going to sanction the same thing on the inside. Prisons, as they exist now, must be destroyed, but before that is done the overall society must be totally and completely reconstructed. Many of the crimes committed by minority and poor youth can be classified as crimes of

survival, committed for the sole purpose of allowing the individual to feed and clothe himself and his family. Any society that denies a substantial portion of its inhabitants the right to food, clothing, and shelter and forces them into crime to obtain these necessities must be reconstructed into a more egalitarian and people-oriented unit. Until this happens, prisons will remain what they are today—reflections of the most debased, demonic, immoral, system ever devised by mankind.

First, in spite of all attempts by the Teamsters and owners to manipulate the results of the elections, the UFW is winning about 70% of them. At Interharvest in the Salinas Valley, where the UFW has held a contract since 1970, the election results were 1,167 for the UFW, 28 for the Teamsters, and 16 for no union. Despite all the manipulation at Gallo, the UFW has, unofficially, won that election as well. The first results there were 223 for the Teamsters, 131 for the UFW, 27 challenged Teamster ballots and 127 challenged UFW ballots. However, it turns out that the 127 challenged UFW votes will be accepted since they were cast by UFW sympathizers who went on strike at Gallo in 1973. The law clearly states that they are eligible to vote. On the other hand, the challenged Teamster votes were cast by those very same Gallo security guards referred to above. Their votes must be rejected according to the law.

The victory at Gallo obviously has significance far beyond the number of workers it involves there. Enormous amounts of money, propaganda, lies, and intimidation were resorted to by the growers and Teamsters in their desperate attempt to maintain control over the field workers. And, in the face of all of it, a sizable number of those field workers have said, in a small way, "no more."

There is a second, perhaps more important conclusion to be drawn from all of this. That is the necessity of continuing and renewing the boycott of grapes, non-union lettuce, and Gallo wines.

HOMOSEXUALITY
Cont. from P. Two

at least a step, in this progress toward self-fulfillment is the experience of homosexuality.

I have much more to say on this touchy subject, and if time allows, I shall write more articles during the course of the year. My style has been entirely too formal, I realize, but I wished to express myself as clearly as my capabilities permit. I would greatly appreciate any response readers wish to make, either in print, or to me personally. Also, I would like to point attention to the group which meets every other Tuesday evening to discuss and to deal with the homosexual side of ourselves. Further information is posted regularly in the Argus Community Bulletin Board.

Do we dare experiment?

bricked Mediterranean-style city. We assumed it might be a South American city, perhaps Montevideo. But when we asked, the woman told us in a thick accent, "Greece — a long way away." She uttered it ruefully, as if she or an ancestor had made such a long trip for this unglamorous setting.

On this trip we patronized the highway eateries. Food had been protestably expensive and, except for breakfasts, poor in quality. Two eggs, bacon, and toast usually cost \$1.50. Restaurant portions at every meal were small. Dinners found hamburgers tepid, spongy, and overcooked, while the vinegar (a Canadian custom) accompanying French fries was a small consolation. Filling the car with gas was also unhappy, as fuel was more expensive than in the States (although we made no effort to precisely translate imperial into American gallons to learn by how much). Yet Canada also had its charms. Roadside institutions such as gas stations, motels, and restaurants were always smaller and less elegantly or elaborately "customized" than their American counterparts. A little less convenience and comfort often meant a less predictable and thus more interesting experience.

We continued our night driving policy after Sudbury. When we arrived in Ottawa sometime around four in the morning, we were immediately impressed by the modernity of Canada's capital city. The downtown offered the by now expected latest in steel, glass, and aluminum office buildings. We viewed the contiguous complex of awesome gothic government

buildings that raised their spires on a bluff commanding the river and the city lights below.

Canadian cities seemed uniformly more attractive than most large cities in the eastern U.S. They were newer, cleaner, smaller, and seemed to have definite boundaries. Suburban sprawl was not all-pervasive; the countryside seemed to begin just outside the almost perimeter-like edge of the metropolis. While the streets were in constant motion with American, European, and Japanese cars, American-style freeways had been kept to a discreet minimum.

After Ottawa, the majority of the road signs appeared in French, a reflection of the large and proud French-speaking population the island on which Montreal is located. Montreal is one of the great French-speaking cities in the world: newspapers, winding European-style avenues, even the smaller, finer-boned, and rather different looking people in the streets seemed to confirm this fact.

We went over one of the long bridges above the water, glancing back at the city skyline and at wooded Mount Royal rising in back. About thirty minutes later we crossed the border into Vermont. A customs official made his perfunctory check. Then we sat back and enjoyed the undiminished, gentle beauty of Vermont's Green Mountains and white, wooden churches. Massachusetts was attractive, but we were growing impatient. At about 3 p.m. we drove down High Street. Should we have driven on to Providence?

Many Millions Make



Mean Military Machines

The following is an adaptation from a table that appears in Seymour Melman's *The Permanent War Economy*.

Washington, D.C., subway system	= \$2.98 billion	= Nuclear aircraft carrier and support ships
66 low-cost homes	= \$1 million	= 1 Huey helicopter
1972 federal health budget deficiency	= \$2.3 billion	= overruns on C-5A and Main Battle Tank
Impounded Fed. Housing funds, 1972	= \$130 million	= 8 F-14 Aircraft
1972-73 cut in federal mental-health budgets	= \$65 million	= 1 C-5A aircraft (\$60 million)
1973 unfunded HUD water and sewer requests	= \$4 billion	= cost excess on F-111 aircraft
National water-pollution abatement 1970-1975	= \$38 billion	= cost excess on 45 weapons systems
National solid-waste treatment program	= \$43.5 billion	= B-1 bomber program
1 high school in Oregon	= \$6.25 million	= paid by 1 Oregon county to support military
Unfunded program to upgrade rural American life	= \$300 million	= 5 C-5A aircraft
Unfunded 1973 rural health care	= \$22 million	= 50% of Lockheed Cheyenne funding increase, 1973
Child-nutrition programs funding cut	= \$69 million	= 2 DE-1052 destroyer escorts
Special-Milk Program funding cut	= \$1 million	= 1 Main Battle Tank
HEW public assistance cut, 1973	= \$567 million	= 3 nuclear attack submarines
To bring all Americans above poverty line, 1971	= \$11.4 billion	= B-1 bomber program, low estimate
To eliminate hunger in USA	= \$4.5 billion	= C-5A aircraft program
Vetoed child-care program	= \$2.1 billion	= Development excess on B-1 bomber program
Philadelphia 1971 schools deficit	= \$40 million	= 1 B-1 bomber
20 college scholarships @ \$2050	= \$41,000	= 1 B-52 sortie in S.E. Asia
1972 housing funds, impounded	= \$50 million	= 3 F-14 aircraft
1973 Newark needs for urban renewal	= \$125 million	= 4 DE-1052 destroyer escorts

World Hunger: What are Colleges Doing?

by Jody Segal

Food is a life and death matter for a growing number of the human population. Starvation and malnutrition are just a few results of poverty; nor is poverty their only cause. Because of these facts and a shared concern for global human welfare, students from thirteen colleges, representatives from the New World Coalition, the National University Conference on Hunger and the National Student Association Food Action Centre met Sat., Sept. 27 for a Hunger Conference.

HELP!



It is encouraging to hear that mper college communities anti-hunger projects are being successfully carried out. At Williams, people are learning how to be healthy without eating so much meat and they are cutting careless food wastage. They are using academic resources (biology, government) to learn about food production and distribution. To improve community nutrition, they are

helping plant a town garden and helping in food stamp outreach whereby needy people are informed of their eligibility for food stamps and aided in applying for them. Students at Brown are appealing to the Portuguese population in Providence for funds for the Cape Verde Islands, the last of the Portuguese colonies to gain independence, where there has been no rain for 8 years. Wellesley has a weekly food education group and raises funds for OXFAM. It also keeps an eye on the House Agriculture Committee thru Rep. Margaret Heckler. At Columbia the focus is on preparing students to help countries with food problems through careers related to development. At New York Univ. a course "The Politics of Hunger" is taught by guest experts. Connecticut College activists are drawing students' attention to the global impact of their eating habits through personally conducted questionnaires. Faculty and church groups have joined a small core of students at Mt. Holyoke to generate action. Swarthmore has a group committed to self-education so that they can talk intelligently to high school students. Yale continues to provide urgently needed money to relieve New Haven residents hard hit by inflation and inadequately aided by the flat grant welfare system. Yale also plans to have students with research skills to help gather statistics to present to the state legislature in the

hopes of reforming the state welfare system. And it continues its high school outreach education program.

And Wesleyan - what is happening here? The Food Project has plans to sponsor a debate/discussion in October between people pro- and vegetarianism as a means of improving health and providing more short-term food relief for the hungry. If consumers make the first move by slowing demand for grain-intensive meat, poultry and dairy products and farmers are then subsidized by the government for the changes necessary to switch from production of feed grains to grains for human consumption, there would be more grain for voluntary agencies to purchase to give to crisis areas for short-term relief. For long-term food security and market stabilization a larger grain reserve is needed with grain-producing countries holding and administering a portion monitored by an international reserve board representing all countries.

Lastly (for now) I think we should milk the faculty at Wesleyan for every ounce of untapped knowledge they have about dealing with hunger. I see great potential for interdisciplinary studies along the lines of the College of Science in Society without students having to commit themselves to the three-year CSIS program. The Food Project has hundreds more ideas, but of course they can only be acted on one at a time.

Conversations In Germany

by Douglas Morris

Issac is a nineteen year old Jew from Rhodesia who was traveling through Europe. The only reason that he came to Germany was to see Dachau. He said that he hates Germany so much that when he first came into Germany he started to shake and spit.

"You've probably heard that Rhodesia is a racist country, right?" he said. He said that there is lots of petty racism there, which he dislikes. But the blacks could not rule now because they are primitive and undereducated. If they gained power now there would be chaos. They are being educated now and that is good.

Rhodesia has 8000 Jews. Issac lives in the section of Rhodesia's second largest city where almost all of the Jews live. Many Jews have left because they are scared of what might happen in the future in Rhodesia. His parents are staying for now. You can only take \$4000 out of the country with you. His father has spent years building up a good business—a clothing business—and does not want to give it up. Some day his parents will leave and go to Israel.

Issac will go to college, then serve a year in the Rhodesian army, then serve three years in the Israeli army and settle in Israel. He need not serve in the Rhodesian army, but if he does not he can never go back to Rhodesia, whose land he loves. Rhodesia, a land which still has places where white men have never stepped.

I spoke to an old man in Hannover who said that he is traveling around the world. He travels alone on a motor bike. He is tolerant of people. He used to go to an Evangelist Church sometimes, to a Catholic Church other times. It did not matter. There was one Jesus. What religion was I, he asked. No, let him try to guess. Catholic? No. Evangelist? No. Methodist? No. Baptist? No. Now, let him guess. Not Catholic, Evangelist, Methodist, or Baptist he mumbled as he counted on his fingers. Presbyterian? No. Moslem? No. Hindu? No. Now, don't tell him, let him guess. Not Catholic, Evangelist, Baptist. . . he mumbled as he started to count on the fingers of his other hand as well. Finally, "Do you come from Israel?" I explained that I did not come from Israel, but that I was Jewish. "Oh, so you come from Israel," he said. He said that that did not matter. There was one God. He said that he prays every morning and every night for Israel. Yes, he does. He prays that Israel should realize that they should lay down their weapons and reach out their hand for a handshake.

He said that before the war he knew some Jews. Sometimes they invited him to go to the synagogue, but he was always scared of going, for he heard stories of what the Jews would do to Christians. One story was the Jews would take blood. So he always avoided going. Luckily the stories turned out to be untrue.

Before the war he did not have a job. So he went to Berlin, where he met two young Jews who had lots of money. While so many people were without jobs, these two young Jews were flaunting their wealth. But he tried to understand and be tolerant. Of course, others were not as tolerant as he was. At least the older Jews were a bit wiser and did not flaunt their wealth.

He took a green leaf from his pocket. He asked what could explain the existence of something so amazing if it were not for the power of God. I said evolution—the theory that Darwin thought up. Where was Darwin now, he asked. Dead. He said sympathetically, "Ah, that's too bad."

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STONEY Cont from P. Three

enormous freezing capacity in the production of ice (no nutrition), SAGA and Physical Plant could team up to fill the entire Arena with ice cream. The only disadvantage of this system is the difficulty of smuggling leftovers back to one's room.

The problem of continuing the quality instruction at Huntington's, however, is stickier. But I figure by the year 2000, the administration will have printed the yellow, purple, grey, pink, white, chartruse, maroon, polka dotted, checkered, striped, and ultraviolet books — and that somewhere in there they will outline a plan to keep the "effective student-faculty ratio" at a concise 640:1. Why worry about numbers? Limited class space could, of course, be a major difficulty, but with a little luck and some 30,000 even a 100,000. The good weather, the problem sky's the limit! Besides, we've got plenty of time to figure out the pitching mound solar orbits away. We of the varsity baseball field Wesleyan today, like we of while his students occupied Earth today, will be long gone bleachers in left, center and before things get really bad. right fields. (Although such Won't we?

spring and fall athletic contests, the baseball and football teams could play their games in the vacated lecture hall, 150 Science Center.) Unfortunately, the discussion and seminar groups of the year 2000 will also have to meet outdoors, most likely on the soccer fields. Megaphones will be available at Huntington's, however. In case of rain, all outdoor classes will meet in the President's living room where coffee and doughnuts will be served to those students who can open their mouths.

All of which brings me to my main point. Dealing with population expansion is only a matter of thinking things out and eliminating wasted space. By tightening our belts, we can accommodate 25,000, but with a little luck and some 30,000 even a 100,000. The good weather, the problem sky's the limit! Besides, we've got plenty of time to figure out the pitching mound solar orbits away. We of the varsity baseball field Wesleyan today, like we of while his students occupied Earth today, will be long gone bleachers in left, center and before things get really bad. right fields. (Although such Won't we?

East and West: Never the Terrain Shall Meet

by Jack Terteltaub and Maury Israel

1. Traveling across the continent, one begins to appreciate the mundanity of the concept that America is vast. This vastness is a singularly American and epic cliché, and yet a fresh truth. It is not often that one has the opportunity to realize the dimensions of the land. Too often we travel by plane, and the land is an abstract geography completely covered by clouds. Six hours in a plane from New York to the West Coast is difficult to translate into 2800 miles. And a plane can remove one so easily, conveniently, and sadly from that sense of physical immensity.

The country we would see intrigued us slightly, but our main purpose at first was to reach the destination. Somewhere along the line we made the decision to write an article, perhaps because we did not trust the significance of our "journey." Only by sorting it out in our minds and putting it on paper would we be able to see something in the very different and disjointed images that comprised in memory the land we had crossed.

We left Wesleyan on a Sunday morning and crossed the Hudson by noon. Through Pennsylvania and Ohio during Memorial Day weekend, unmarked police cars were out in droves, tending to those whose right foot itched beyond 55 MPH. A homey afternoon pause with friends in Scranton would later provide contrast with some of our lonelier stops. Proceeding towards Chicago during



the night, we encountered torrents of rain and buffeting winds that lessened the conversation and increased the nervous attention of the driver. The approach to Chicago was marked by the industrial conglomeration of Gary, Indiana, where steel, smoke, and grey merged to greet or fend off the passing motorist.

Chicago was what we had expected: almost too large and imposing to appreciate, yet too complex and incomprehensible not to marvel at. The indented Sears tower reared its monolithic spire above the mountain range of downtown edifices. The gentle azure sweep of Lake Michigan washed against the shore as if trying to suds and clean the accumulated grit and residue of the city. The brownstone and begrimed red-brick tenements were unevenly laid against each other, cast about the ugly, man-made grandeur of enormous Rube Goldberg-style factories that spewed forth their contribution to the city's atmosphere. Elevated trains, grass-edged expressways, taxis, a cacophony of noises, and the mixture of people all made one a bit tense and uneasy.

But suburban Evanston was a different story. It was a portrait of tree-lined streets with proudly fashioned houses. It was a portrait, whereas Chicago simply absorbed one like vast art-deco mosaic.

Just beyond Chicago, familiar urbanity had been replaced by highway suburbia. Heavy equipment was strewn along the roadside, evincing the probability that more such communities would be carved out. We had the impression that we were really leaving the East only after leaving Chicago.

It was getting very late, and we had been driving since that morning in Chicago. Sioux City, Iowa, was the nearest town. Of necessity it would be out stop for the night. We drove through the poorly lit area, searching for some relative haven. A car came up quickly behind us, swerving into the next lane to pass. Was the driver drunk? We stopped at a small grocery. The directions in the campground guide had been poor, and we still did not know where we were going. Several beat-up old cars pulled into the parking lot. Young adult greaser-types would climb out and rush back seconds later with the six-packs under their arms.

The dilemma was very simple. The drizzle had turned into a hard, uncomfortable rain. We could not camp out and did not want to sleep in the car. We did not have a lot of money to spend. But the dark and wet and tiredness were too much. Civilization, as disfigured as it was in Sioux City, beckoned with its comfort.

At the motor-inn, the man behind the counter and the travel brochures greeted us with the cheerful indifference of the Howard Johnson culture. They were interested not in you, but in the comfort of your money. Comfort in exchange for comfort. At least out bodies would be dry, and we would be able to flood the room with light. We walked down a carpeted hallway. Vending machines sold the necessities: band-aids, aspirin, tennis sweat bands, handball gloves, cupcakes, sanitary napkins.

The next day we left the Interstate for the Missouri, having decided to follow the Lewis and Clark trail. Whatever else it may be, the Interstate highway system is a vast engineering marvel, extremely reliable and well-maintained. But we now pursued local roads that extended straight for miles and that were flanked by immense farmland acreage. At a picturesque campsite in Mobridge, South Dakota, we talked with the elderly couple who operated the grounds. They told us proudly that Lawrence Welk had been born not far from Mobridge. Continuing on little-traveled North Dakota roads, the rolling hillsides were suddenly interrupted by forbidding Badlands territory. Their etched-out cragginess was a monument to a river's ancient turbulence. Without a highway, few could traverse the rugged, precipitous features of this seemingly misplaced region.

The small Dakota towns were dreary refuges from the monotony of the crop-planted plains. A wide and peopled Main Street was the dominant feature of these towns. To one side were the quiet residential areas of yards and houses. Beyond were the fields where the work of the land was done. Characteristically, these towns had a marked structure and an identifiable center; they did not simply sprawl.

We made a point throughout of stopping at cafes in the center of town rather than outskirt restaurants designed for tourists. The decor and styling of the various eating places followed an interesting pattern. Throughout much of the Midwest, there was a certain kind of roadside restaurant, the only place to eat for miles. Here, one often ate on plastic tables that tried to look like grainy wood. This was accompanied by gaudy ceiling fixtures with an air of newness and respectability. The decor made a very conscious effort to appear classy, and hence failed.

In contrast, the "inner-city" cafes as we progressed through the Dakotas and Montana were less pretentious, more rustic, more homey. The furniture simply was what it was. The local flavor and lower prices made one feel less like a dissatisfied tourist. Food was prepared behind the counter and in full view of the customer. There was no radical separation between the preparation and the consumption of the food.

Montana's self-billing as "Big Sky" country was no exaggeration, as panoramas limited only by the curvature of the earth were now attesting. It was common to reach the crest of a small hill and see before us a ribbon of highway so long that we felt hard-pressed to reach the horizon by evening. Vegetation was dry and sparse, mostly grazing land.

Throughout the Midwest and West, one's gaze could stretch to the distance and be continually filled with the passing vistas. But barbed wire fences legislated that only vision and not bodies could penetrate. The land was owned and controlled. We were continually reminded of its off-limits status.

We passed through several Indian reservations. The Indians did not seem to fit into the casual arrogance of the great, fenced tracts of this white man's version of Montana. It seemed they had been discounted and isolated here by the land of opportunity. Buffaloes replaced by Black Angus. People replaced by a reservation.

Jack was driving at 70 MPH along one of those interminable Montana highways when a man in blue in a blue car straddled alongside with the greeting, "Hello. Can I see your driver's licence, please?" The most reasonable cop one could hope to

encounter, everything about his manner suggested the following implicit words: "Gee, I sure hate to give you this ticket, but you know I have to." Yet, technically, the ticket was not for speeding. Its officially printed reprimand was for "unwise use of natural resources." 55MPH and energy conservation were thus impressed on us. Five dollars later, we were on our way again.

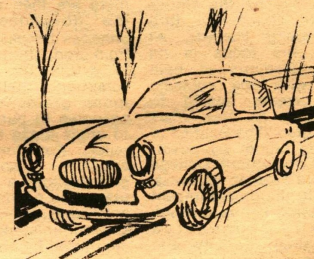
The Rocky Mountains receded as our route took a southern dip that passed through Great Falls, Helena, and Butte, the latter town an environmental disaster carved right out of a hillside. This southern dip grazed the Idaho border, taking in mountain passes where accumulations of snow remained. As the route veered sharply north to target another point on the Idaho border, the postcard-like Bitterroot Range filled our westward gaze. Lolo Pass marked the introduction to a winding Idaho passage through verdant mountaininess. Here,



the horizontal panoramas of Montana were suddenly supplanted by the vertical.

That night we stopped at a campsite in Lowell, Idaho. This site was such a local center that it even had a bar. "Coors," said the sign outside. Inside there was Coors plus a hotbed of cultural interest. Cowboys filled most of the room but did jibe with its too modern decor. At the table next to us, men were discussing some sort of technical ranching or farming problem. One man was a grizzled beard did most of the talking and seemed to be regarded by the others as an authority. He would express his disgust at something with a patented "booh-he-it." In the corner, two cowboys were warming up their guitars for some impending entertainment. But the Old West style was compromised by a modern twist: their guitars had sophisticated electrical hook-ups. They played songs like "Green, Green Grass of Home" and "This Land Is Your Land, This Land Is My Land." As one of them belted out the lyrics of the latter, we thought about whose land it was before it was "your land and my land." There were no Indians in the bar.

Washington and Columbia River country remained before us. The Columbia Basin region is marked by rolling, highly-irrigated wheatland. Tooling along Route 12, temperature and aridity increased as Washington's desert-like areas took precedence. Probably the most unsightly town we passed through was Yakima. Scattered about like an affront in the hot, dry climate of eastern Washington, the town was a jumble of steel and glass seemingly erected with no environmental or aesthetic considerations in mind. Its main drag was



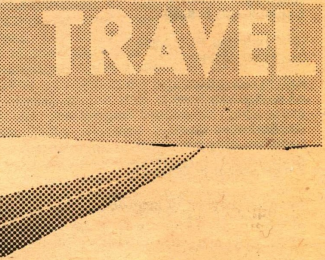
lined with car and motorcycle dealerships. Gaudy, commercial signs vied everywhere for the driver's attention. The main architectural trend of the town was late MacDonald's. If there was anything tainted by the slightest mark of history, it had probably long been relegated to some out-of-sight junk heap.

Mt. Rainier appeared as a monolithic white mound from the eastern approaches. We experienced another climatic change as we climbed into the foothills, drawing closer to the 14,447 foot peak. An alpine chill sent windows up and

jackets on. Rainier was made a national park long ago: special roads, special signs, special brochures, special travel accommodations for the eager and curious hordes who would come searching for sights, or perhaps searching for America. Beyond the Cascades lay Puget Sound and the Willamette River Valley, our West Coast destinations.

Summer separated the two automobile trips. Jack left Portland and picked up Maury in Seattle - Puget Sound country. We arrived at the Canadian border where tourists demurely posed for cameras in front of the immaculately shaped flower beds of Blaine International Peace Park.

British Columbia proved to be magnificent from beginning to end. After a peaceful brown bag dinner on English Bay, with Vancouver's towers rising behind us, we drove east on the Transcanadian highway. (This two-lane road, extending 5,000 miles from



Victoria, B.C. to St. Johns, Newfoundland, is the longest national highway in the world.)

The highway was spectacularly routed along the high and dramatic evergreen canyon of the Fraser River. There was some drier, less precipitous country around Kamloops before we entered the forested ruggedness of the upper Columbia river country, adorned with occasional smoke-stacked lumber towns. Rising rapidly in elevation, we entered a land of great green valleys ringed by massive, snow-dusted peaks and crags. We had heard the litany before, and now we could see the sites themselves: Selkirk, Mr. Revelstoke, Yoho, the Rockies, and Banff.

Lake Louise had seven or eight exits from the road and seemed scattered about the alpine forest in little settlements. We paused to observe some mountain goats along the road; the gothic castle resort, Banff Lodge, rose in the distance, competing against a sphinx-like mountain of dark granite. We entered the province of Alberta and began descending into the broad, flat wheatlands. The city of Calgary presented a surprisingly modern cluster of office buildings and apartments - the vertical city on the horizontal plain.

The terrain changed after Winnipeg. Clumps of bushes and stands of spindly trees gave way to the vast, unbroken taiga of firs, birches, and other dwarfish hardwoods, punctuated by streams, rivers, and lakes. Towns were small, and few and far between. As dusk approached we had our first view of a long woods-bordered arm of the vacation-famous Lake of the Woods - an immense light blue ink splotch on the map, covering an area the size of the Great Salt Lake, and spreading its innumerable winding fingers into the surrounding forest.

Darkness found us driving through Kenora, the quintessential resort town. Downtown gift shops displayed their windows in little stone buildings on streets bedecked with multi-colored Christmas lights above crowds of bored and yet still energetic blue-jeaned teenagers.

The lakes and forests went on into the night as the land became more undulating. For several hours we drove caravan style, using the truck ahead of us as a guide. The diffuse, shimmering plane of the Aurora Borealis appeared center stage in the night's north sky to entertain us with its novelty. Perhaps it beckoned us to try to forget the trucks rumbling past at 80 MPH on this narrow, bending, unlit, two-lane road.

We were always racing against the trucks. Or, rather, they were racing against time. Sometimes they could be extremely intimidating, following on our bumper in the middle of the night. At other moments they were extremely thoughtful, signaling to you when the road ahead was clear so that you could pass. We would invariably

Continued on Page Six